

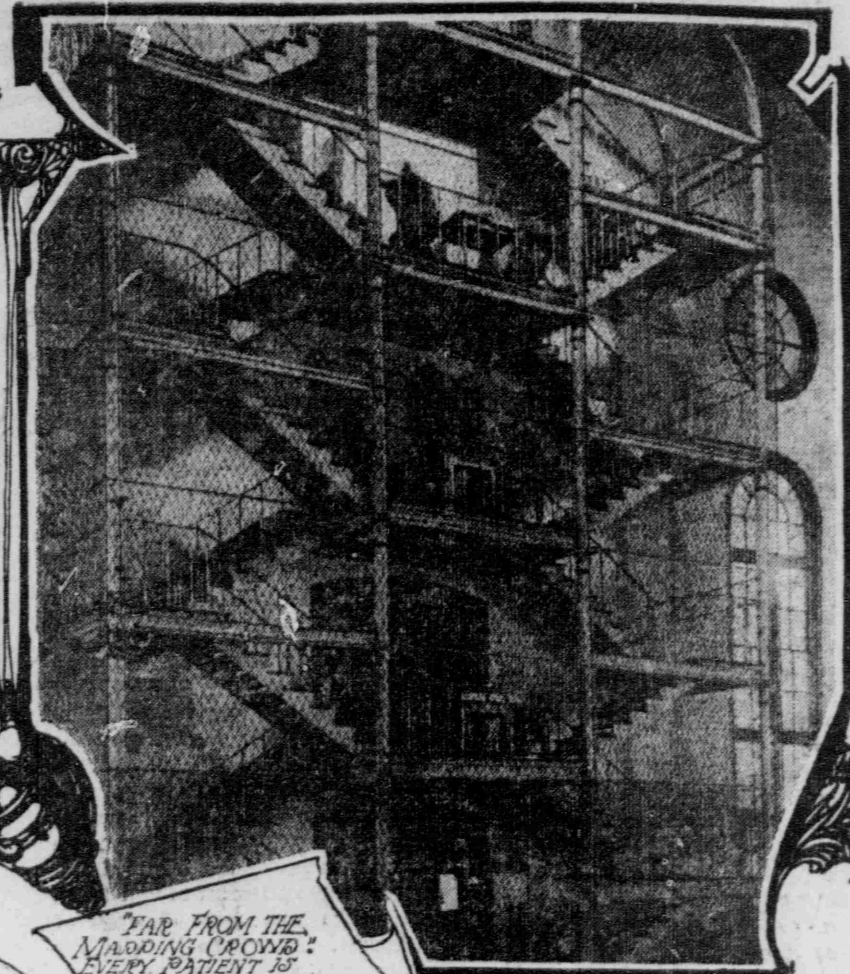
WASHINGTON'S "SIMPLE LIFE SANITARIUM" WHERE "REST CURES" ARE FURNISHED FREE



THE DIETARY SYSTEM IN THE "SIMPLE LIFE" SANITARIUM IS VERY RIGID. SEVEN O'CLOCK DINNERS ARE SERVED. THEATER VISITS ARE STRICTLY PROHIBITED.



A BRIEF ORAL EXAMINATION TO SECURE THE PATIENT'S RECORDS.



"FAR FROM THE MADDENING CROWD" EVERY PATIENT IS GUARANTEED AN UNMOLESTED SOJOURN IN THE "SIMPLE LIFE" SANITARIUM.



A DEPARTMENT FOR PATIENTS WHO NEED MORE THAN THE "SIMPLE LIFE" CURE. THIS ONE IS BEING OFFERED TO THE "CITY'S NIGHTBIRDS."



THE "REST CURE" OFFICIALS GREETING NEW PATIENTS.



IT IS THE CLOTHING—NOT THE LUNGS, HEART, ETC.—THAT IS THE OBJECT OF "REST CURE" EXAMINATIONS.



A NECESSARY PRELIMINARY TO THE "SIMPLE LIFE."

tractable, and who do not yield readily to treatment. This institute, devoted to the simple life treatment, and commonly known as the District jail, is a purely eleemosynary affair. There are no charges either for the fare or the service. In fact many cases are recorded where those who have the privilege of taking the cure gratis, prefer to contribute to the maintenance of the institute and continue their strenuous existence on the outside. No, these contributions are not the much talked of yellow dog funds, so popular in New York State, but are known in the District of Columbia as fines.

Mexican Parrot Ranch

Martin Holts, an American, who established a parrot ranch near Victoria, Mexico, a few years ago, has met with wonderful success and has accumulated a fortune in the business. It is probably the only parrot ranch in the world; it is certainly the only one in Mexico, says the San Francisco Call.

Holts was employed for several years as a passenger conductor on the old Monterey and Mexican Gulf railroad, now a part of the Mexican Central system. His division was between Victoria and the port of Tampico, on the gulf coast, through the heart of the parrot country. He was always interested in the bright colored birds, and while running as conductor he collected many of them and taught them to speak English. There were many tourists traveling up and down his line and he did a good side business by selling the birds to Americans and others.

The thought then occurred to Holts that he might make more money by retiring from railroad work and devoting his time to raising parrots. He followed this plan and purchased a large tract of forest land near Victoria which was teeming with wild parrots. He fitted up the ranch in a unique way. Wire netting was placed around and over the trees and the birds were confined therein. He has had the greatest success in raising the birds.

It is in teaching the parrots to talk that Holts has made a unique success. He is a linguist, speaking English, Spanish, French, and German fluently. He divided his flock of several thousand birds into four classes—one for each language. He then took a few birds from each class and got to work to teach them to talk. At the end of a few months Holts had taught a number of birds English, Spanish, German and French, and the educated birds were placed in their respective sections. It was Holts' theory that by doing this the educated birds would teach their companions to talk. His hopes were realized to the fullest extent. He says that at the end of the first year he had several hundred educated parrots.

Holts believes that the standard of intelligence of parrots can be greatly increased by proper attention to breeding them. In his collection which now numbers several thousands, he saw several which are seemingly possessed of reasoning powers. These educated birds have been taught to carry on a conversation with each other. This conversation, in which each bird knows his part thoroughly, covers nearly thirty minutes of time.

"THE LOST SHEEP"

To the Editor: Please reprint the poem "The Lost Sheep"—Subscriber, Delray.

De massa ob de sheepfol' b'n.
Dat guard de sheepfol' b'n.
Look out in de gloomerin' meadows
Where de long night rain begin—
So he call to de hircin' shep'd.
Is my sheep, is dey come in?
Oh, den says de hircin' shep'd,
Dey's some, dey's black and thin,
And some, dey's po' ol' wedd's,
But de res' dey's all brung in.
But de res' dey's all brung in.

Den de massa ob de sheepfol' b'n.
Dat guard de sheepfol' b'n.
Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows
Where de long night rain begin—
So he le' down de b's ob de sheepfol',
Callin' so', "Come in, come in!"
Callin' so', "Come in, come in!"

Den up t're de gloomerin' meadows,
T're de col' light rain a' win'.
And up t're de gloomerin' rain paf,
Whar de sleet fa' pie'cin' thin.
De po' los sheep ob de sheepfol',
Dey all comes gadderin' in.
De po' los sheep ob de sheepfol',
Dey all comes gadderin' in.

The poem was written by Sarah P. Greene, a native of Connecticut, now living in Massachusetts. — Detroit News.

WING to recent developments in the insurance world, it seems rather a paradox we do not associate simple life texts with frenzied finance and yellow dog fund companies. But there is an institution in every well organized community which insures to all patients the leading of a strictly simple life. The matriculation fee for a course in this institution is nothing. The only requisite for entrance is a record of bad conduct, and the only means of remaining a beneficiary of the simple life course is to constantly infringe upon the rights of others.

Strange to say, the very simplicity of acquiring this training in simple life makes the institution somewhat unpopular with humanity as a whole, while those who have been living amid the turmoil of high finance seldom take the cure. Although the latter class not infrequently gives striking evidence of need for such a course of treatment, the individuals composing the class seem to be immune in the sight of the board of examiners.

The rest cure and simple life institute is an essential feature of every commonwealth's existence, and even the District of Columbia has need for such an institution, as is shown in the accompanying illustrations.

The City's Nightbirds.

Those who are deemed worthy of treatment form a heterogeneous and motley crew of humanity. They come from the gutters and the slums of the city. They are sometimes to be found in the homes of the well-to-do,

but most frequently they come from no particular place, but are the nightbirds of the city's population. The applicants for admission to this institute usually make their needs known during the hours between sunset and sunrise.

It is not infrequently the case that a man first evinces a need for the rest cure and simple life by becoming a devotee of Bacchus. A few hours spent in close proximity to the flowing bowl often causes one to make excursions into the fields of folly, which lie beyond the boundaries of the kingdom of law and order.

As soon as information reaches the headquarters of the institute that the excursion has been made, the District government sends a coach with liveried attendants to bring the tourists to those who have charge of the "simple life" sanitarium. This conveyance in the parlance of the gay has the rather euphonious name of "Black Maria."

The routine of investigation to determine whether or not the party in question is entitled to apartments in the simple life institute, is more or less familiar to the general public as the diagnosis goes on daily in our local courts. There is first the judge, then a jury of peers plus. Before his board of twelve the clinic takes place and the patient's conscience and motive are dissected, and labeled. If his illness is of a serious nature, he is more than likely to be sent abroad (Mounts-ville, W. Va.), where the course of treatment is more vigorous. In the majority of cases, however, the malady is of such a mild nature that a rest cure of from thirty days to twelve months is sufficient to restore the patient to a normal state of mind and morals. After the class of students, otherwise known as the jury, is convinced of the character of the disease, the diagnosis is made public, which in police court vernacular is known as justice. Then comes the announcement of the

character and duration of the treatment, pronounced by the head surgeon of sins, the judge. His pronouncement is yelet "judgment."

Patients Carefully Watched.

The patient is soon on his way to the simple life institute. He is carefully watched on the way, as it not infrequently happens that he manifests other symptoms which might lead one to believe he was not entirely in accord with the views taken by the chief surgeon.

SIXTEEN DECEIVED MOTHERS.

It came to pass the other day that a certain Detroit-er, while on a visit to the Thumb, was presented with a dog, aged six weeks. Consigning the dog to a small box and the care of his young son, the Detroit-er boarded a Detroit-bound train yesterday. On the train were several infants. The infants occasionally emitted shrieks and anxious mothers hushed them as best they might—drowsily—for it was early and all were going home after "holidaying in the country." Occasionally "Pete," the pup, would emit a wail almost human in tone, and sixteen mothers would wake up and shake sixteen babies to the tune of "Whist now!" Finally "Pete" betrayed his race by a series of barks—and sixteen babies were shaken a little less and soon continued their chorus.—Detroit News.

POINTERS.

At the age of sixteen a girl is as apt to rave over a dog as a man. Many a man would rather carry a large jag than a small baby. When it comes to drawing, a poor actor isn't in it with a good porous plaster. If a man is a woman hater it's a cinch that he had the wrong kind of a mother. A bachelor should learn to say "No." He can never tell when some widow may propose to him. Gold dissolved in a woman's tears is said to make an excellent cement for mending a broken heart. Many a poor woman who works eighteen hours a day has a husband who grovels about what it costs him to support her. Nine out of ten men who insist on buying beer for you when you don't want it wouldn't give you a nickel to buy bread if you did want it.—Detroit News.

oral examination. It consists of making a record of the antecedents, place of birth, age, and former employment of the patient, together with a notation as to how long the chief surgeon has thought it advisable for the rest treatment to be administered.

While this institution is designed solely for the ministrations to moral ills, there is a department to treat the less serious physical contusions which the patient not infrequently falls heir to in his brief sojourn in the land of lawlessness. Sometimes it is a bad cut in the scalp, as was the case of the patient shown in the accompanying illustration.

After this routine has been carried out the patient is a full-fledged inmate of the simple life sanitarium. And it is here that the insurance feature comes in. Every patient is guaranteed an unmolested sojourn in this institution for the length of time that the sin surgeon has prescribed. Even voluntary departure from these surroundings is prevented by the appliances shown on this page. However much the patient may desire to shorten the length of his treatment, there are faithful

attendants who are always on hand to see that the "doctor's" instructions are implicitly obeyed.

Dinners Are Unconventional.

The dietary system in this simple life institute is very rigid. The patient is given two meals a day. The fare is wholesome and bountiful. Breakfast is served at 8:30. Dinner is served at the rather unconventional hour of 2:45. Dutch suppers, 7 o'clock dinners, and similar feasts are strictly prohibited. The inmate must always bear in mind that he is taking not only the rest cure but is living the "simple life" in the most restricted sense of the word. (The word restricted is used advisedly, as may be imagined from the view of iron gratings here shown.)

Those patients whose maladies have proven amenable to the treatment here furnished, are soon registered among the convalescents. They are designated as trustees (erroneously spelt "trusties"), and are often enrolled as assistant attendants to those whose diseases of temper prove more or less un-